JEFF DAVIS'S DISGUISE.

Statement of the Officer Who Arrested the Confederate President.

Julian G. Dickinson, in New York Sun. I have read the letter of "Alice M. Smith. custodian," on the subject of "Jefferson Davis's Disguise," in the Sun of May 9, handed to me by the Hon. Alfred Russell, who called

my attention to its contents. I was present at the capture of Jefferson Davis on the morning of May 10, 1865, near Irwinville, Ga., in the capacity of adjutant of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, and arrested him. I stood across his pathway in his attempted escape from his camp, sent him back to his quarters and placed him under guard. I distinctly saw his disguise.

I was at the head of the column of my regiment when we charged into Davis's camp in the early dawn of the morning. Our advance guard, led by Capt. Charles T. Hudson, passed through the camp in charge, and our column, led by Col. Benjamin D. Pritchard, following, halted for a moment in the camp; then as it moved forward I rode, under orders, from the head of the column to close it up in readiness for action. After the column passed me I rode slowly forward in front of three "wall" tents in line on the right of the road, not meeting or seeing any one until a man partially dressed emerged from a small shelter tent near to and in advance of the line of tents referred to. I harted and inquired of him what force there was in the camp. Receiving no reply I repeated the question sharply, and while lingering for his response tire, arm in arm, moving rapidly away from Boldier named Andrew Bee, pointing toward ressed in woman's clothes." I immediately rode toward them, ordering them to balt, and stood across their pathway when they Two of our troopers then came riding up

from out the camp and one of them, Corp. lunger, moving around to the rear of the party, brought his gun to bear in readiness or firing on the disguised figure. I ordered him not to fire. Mrs. Jefferson Davis was on the left of Mr. Davis, and her waiting maid was on the right as they faced me. lefferson Davis wore a woman's dress skirt. with a black shawl drawn closely round his head and shoulders, completed his disguise. I could scarcely see his face through the folds of the shawl. As he halted he turned toward his wife, who placed her arms around his drooping head Glancing around, I saw several Confederate officers, who had come upon the scene; one standing at my left and the

to retire to their tents, and as they did so

directed Corporal Munger to guard the

oners in their quarters, giving him

I noticed Mr. Davis's disguise closely until he retired within his tent. As I was about to ride away Mrs. Davis came out of the tent and I dismounted to hear her request as she called to me. She asked what we were going to do with Mr. Davis, and said that we should not make him any trouble as he was a dangerous man and would hurt some one. I informed her that could not tell what would be done with him until Colonel Pritchard, my commandng officer, was consulted. She wanted to snow whether she herself and family would be permitted to go with him, and I replied that I could not say. She then asked me to ook after some things that she had left in the wagons that were needful for the use of the family, and I assured her that I would give attention to her request.

Pritchard the fact of the capture of Jefferson Davis, and we rode back together toward Davis's quarters. In the meantime he lefferson Davis was disguised in female atire, as I have stated. His spurred boots, as was informed by Andrew Bee, disclosed the disguise as he passed, moving away

I then rode forward and reported to Col.

from his tent. I certainly saw nothing of his manly form from his attire, either while e was moving or when I halted him, or while he was returning to his quarters After the capture I was requested by Major Van Antwerp, aid-de-camp of Major General James H. Wilson, to furnish the general with a description of the disguise ind an account of the arrest of Jefferson

Davis and I complied with the request. I also drafted a report of the expedition and capture for my commanding officer, Capt. Hathaway, who was left in command of the regiment while Colonel Pritchard proceeded with a detail in charge of | the good that is in us. the prisoners to Washington. My recollection of the event is very accurate. I am aware that some years later efforts were made by associates of Mr. Davis to contradict the fact that he was

disguised. Burton Harrison, his private secretary, the man whom I accosted as he emerged from the shelter tent, has an ardisguise. He is the only one, so far as I enjoy the things to which they are accuswere present and saw the attempted escape, I am aware many stories have been re-

lated about the disguise of Jefferson Davis by persons who were not present and could not know the facts and I have some of various sources, but I am not in the habit of criticising their contents in the public press. I consider, however, that the "letter" you have published warrants the attention have given to it in the foregoing statement of the capture and disguise.

PLANTING PLUM TREES.

Industry That Has Become Prominent in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Philadelphia Inquirer.

The joyous celebration of the utter dis-Quay from present appearances is likely to shape permanently the form of exer-cises on arbor day in Pennsylvania and even in other States, for it was not alone the people of Oil City who expressed their cings by formally planting a plum tree in a conspicuous place in the town. with all the accompaniments of due ceremeny, caparisoned white horses, and other appurtenances intended to make the occasion impressive. Enthusiastic admirers of Senator Quay in New Jersey have also taken to the planting of plum trees, and have invited their neighbors in to participate in the celebration over the downfall in Philadelphia of vicious malice and the tri-

The plum tree is likely to figure hereafter on badges and banners and to become as familiar to the eye as the prim-roses of the Beaconsfield celebration, the log cabins of the William Henry Harrison campaign, or the beggar's pouch which the Dutchmen of Holland adopted as their insignia when they set about the overthrow of the power of Spain. There is a someclose parallel between the beggar's pouch of Brederode and his associates and the plum tree of Pennsylvania Republicans. Philip of Spain had called the Dutchmen in lerison "the beggars of the sea." The Dutchmen promptly formed their "League of Beggars," adopting the beggar's pouch as their badge, and fought Philip on sea and land until they had won their cause. The plum tree was intended to assist in he promotion of the immoral schemes of senator Quay's enemies. When the original m tree dispatch was first made public his paper predicted that its attempted use shown to be as farcical as the se which the lawyers of the Widow Bardell attempted to make of Mr. Pickwick's used the parallel in his closing address to the jury. The prediction has been amply verified. The single plum tree is in a fair way to be productive of whole orchards te fruitage will promote loyalty, dency, and manliness, and whose cultivation the vicious practices that have marked the eption and prosecution of this attack on Senator Quay, an attack which has n as well an attack upon the commonwealth and upon its system of justice.

Needless Anxiety.

Mother—It was very foolish of you to become engaged to a man of whom you know to little. Remember that your whole life's appiness depends on him. haughter—Why, mamma, you talk as cheese and chopped almonds. The sand- outlay and the scheme is viewed very fa- was born and 'raised' here to washington. aid to fit and send out a float to make the rounds of here. all management that the four were vorably throughout the Cast's dominion.

ATTRACTIVE SUMMER POSSIBILITIES OF A CITY BACK YARD.

Outings-Some Women's Queer Economies-Feminine Festivities.

One of the greatest delights of spring is the change of occupation that it affords, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. Then the house can be thrown open, and the fresh air indulged without hearing from half a dozen directions, "Oh, close that door -there is such a draft"-or "Now throw something around your shoulders or you'll catch cold, dear." Cold air may be exhilarating, but warm summer air is a regular tonic to sentiment-it makes one think of flowers and trees and growing things that the poets talk about. And, speaking of such things, have you ever noticed what acres of pleasure can be got out of a little garden patch? Of course city people do not expect to grow wheat fields in their back yards, but, nevertheless, they can have a little space devoted to vegetable growing that will discount the best refrigerator ever known. Some people are apt to laugh at the idea of having a garden or a "farm in the back yard," as they say. But if you pin them right down to it no one can find any real point to the joke. Even if there is a corner grocery near by, things are ever so much fresher when pulled right out of the ground, and, besides, there is often a great-

er chance of getting what one wants, for

the groceries are sometimes "just out," you

know. Then, too, a small garden, instead of

being a bore, will be a pleasure and means

of very healthful exercise, if one gets at it

the right way. The trouble with many people is that they make their gardens too large; weeding out and watering becomes tiresome, and they finally give up in dismay, vowing that they will never try try that experience again. But it isn't necessary to plow up the entire back yard in order to raise a few vegetables, like a bed of lettuce, radishes, peppergrass and onions One fact particularly to be remembered, is not to plant more than one is sure of having the time and energy to take care of. Then, too, the garden should be made atvegetable garden in it is decidedly within the figures, again said: "There goes a man the back yard is sodded, it is not necessary the bounds of possibility. For instance, if to plow it, but cut beds for the vegetables just as you would for flowers. Then plant the vegetables accordingly. It is not necesfor instance; it is a very pretty plant, and makes an attractive border. If this is done, care should be taken not to pull it in bunches. In fact, the best way is not to pull beauty-but instead, to pick the under leaves. By a little planning, a vegetable garden can be made a very comely sight. One way is to mix flowers with the vegetables. For instance, if radishes are planted

alternately with some flower of bushy foli-

age, the radish can be pulled up and the space left will not be noticed. As a usual thing, the suggestion of a back yard does not kindle one with esthetic emotion and a desire to read Browning, but as in other things, it isn't fair to judge the class by an individual. "Oh, you just cugnt to see her back yard-it is a perfect little bower!" exclaimed a Detroit lady who had been spending a summer afternoon with a friend who lives on a prominent street. It was the rear of an ordinary city lot, encased on three sides by the customary high board fence-but that usually gaunt expanse was so completely festooned with sweet peas that scarcely an inch of it was visible. In the center of the space was a ing them in a circle and training them on strings that were tied to the end of a pole. plazza. The services of a professional gardener were not needed in creating this pretty little haven-everything was planted and cared for by the two owners of the house. money they had created a pleasure of which they never tired and one that lasted them

through the entire summer. Flowers come to us so naturally in the summer-they spring up from the ground and out of the trees without any bidding just to teach us that at this time of year we ought to have them with us. Of course, not everyone has a yard-front or rearbut flowers ought not to be forsaken on that account, for there is always the window box to fall back upon. One thing to be remembered when preparing one is that thrive in the shade, and vice versa. Some flowers that are suitable for boxes in sunny mignonette and clematis, while heliotrope, places. In choosing the material for a window box one should study "effect" before selecting one's flowers, for much finer results can be obtained when the colors of the flowers blend well, and the shapes of the plants knit well, or are in graceful symmetry. Nothing is more healthful or more elevating than the cultivation of flowersthey are like children-for they inspire only

Luxurious Living.

New York Times. "I don't believe people of wealth half appreciate the luxuries they enjoy," says a young girl, the daughter in a family of ticle in the Century wherein he stated that | moderate means, who had made her first Davis had on a cloak and that was his only visit to a family of wealth. "They can't except Mr. Davis, who has denied the facts | Breakfast I found was always served in the fore what I would take for breakfast, cereal coffee and rolls, so that was served to me, and in such a delightful way. Two maids came to my room when I was ready for breakfast. One arranged the curtains so that I could look out, and the other my pillows, and threw a little wrap around my shoulders. Then came my coffee and rolls, served with the most delightful little Moorish coffee service of silver, which it did my heart good to see. I hardly needed any breakfast with that dainty thing before my eyes. And I had such a delightful feeling of being to the manner born. I don't wonder Theosophists believe they have lived before. I am not at all sure that in a previous existence I have not spent my time in taking breakfast from a lovely Moorish coffee service-perhaps I was an Oriental-the luxury seemed to satisfy so entirely my inner woman. But of course I could not get through the visit without showing that, if accustomed to luxury in a previous cycle, I had not been accustomed to it in this. Mamma has always instilled into my mind that it is not the right thing to leave a temptation in the way of servants, so before leaving my room upon my first arrival, not wishing to take with me the bulk of the money had brought, I tucked it in between the bed clothes. In our simple menage we open our own beds at night, and it had not occurred to me that here they would be opened by the maids, so when I returned to my room there was my bed opened, and lying in full view my purse, telling the whole story of my little doubts and fears."

A Model Basket Luncheon.

New York Evening Post. The difference between doing a thing and doing it perfectly was exemplified recently at a basket luncheon of a woman's organization. In addition to the individual luncheons which each member provided for herself, the committee asked for a dozen or fifguests of the day. The latter were seated at one table, and the lunch boxes were handed round unopened to each guest. All the boxes were neatly packed and filled with good and palatable luncheons, deserving the description excellent. Of one or two, however, more could be said. One woman drew as her lot a dainty, artistic prize that made her wish she could meet and know the woman whose taste was so evident in its preparation. The box was large enough to hold its contents without any crowding. It was wrapped neatly in white paper and tied with a bit of narrow white ribbon, through which a single twig of apple blossoms was thrust. On taking off the cover the recipient found first a Japanese napkin, whose white ground was decorated in one corner with a bunch of ap-ple blossoms. This bit of thoughtfulness in the way of a napkin, it was noticed, was the exception, rather than the rule, among was the next tihng discovered. It was placed on a piece of waxed paper that covered the rest of the luncheon. There were four dainty sandwiches, each a small couble triangle of perfect sandwich-bread, prepared without crusts, the filling a de-licious compound of minced chicken, cream

just enough-more would have been too much; less hardly enough. The cress eaten with them gave the finishing touch to their appetizing quality. A slice of delicious home-made white cake, cut from a loaf that had been baked in two deep layers, with an ice filling on top, was part of the dessert, and several sections of a choice orange, each section peeled and deprived of the tough outer skin, before all were neatly folded in wax paper, were the rest, two marrons-glaces finishing the dainty meal. As hot coffee was served by the ladies of the reception committee, this little luncheon, with a cup of fragrant Mocha, was com-pletely satisfying.

Inconsistent Economies.

New York Tribune. With some rich women the instinct of saving develops curiously. "Why do you suppose it is," remarked one acquaintance to another, "that Mrs. A-, who wears such expensive clothes, all beautifully made and of the richest materials, is never in the With ceaseless activity

"Why," laughed the other, "It is because she has such an economical turn of mind that she never can bring herself to wear her gowns when they are fresh from Paris. she looks at them, tries them on and admires them, and never, except at rare intervals, finds a function good enough to wear them at. When the winter is over they are carefully put away. The next season, of course, they are as fresh as ever and she thinks it is her duty to wear them. In the meanwhile she cannot resist ordering new gowns, and so the same thing goes on season after season. She simply cannot bring herself to what seems to her the extravagance of putting on new clothes and

vearing them at once. There are two rich sisters in New York who always have alpaca umbrellas to take out in the rain to save their silk ones. "But when do you use your good umbrellas?" asked a friend to whom they had been explaining this economy.

we do not use them much," admitted the economists, "but we have had our umbrellas for five years, and they are as good as new. A woman who will pay \$50 for a bonnet will laboriously work over the string of a parcel, deeming it a waste to cut it. She never orders a ball of twine, which is always a comfort in the house and which would cost only a few cents, because "there ought to be plenty of string from the pack-

To hesitate about paying out \$1 in one instance, and to spend a large sum on some apparently useless article, is a common trait among women of this stamp. And the odd part of it is that the inconsistency never seems to strike them.

Short Skirts in Demand,

New York Commercial Advertiser. The short skirt promises to be as popular for several years, and in combination with exercise their limbs without endangering their necks. The popularity of the short skirt grows apace, although pessimists sav bicycles are being neglected and forgotten. of the gown that clears the ground by ten or twelve inches are points in its favor, but becoming, and that accounts for the fact that dry-goods shops and tailors are overrun with orders for shoe-top length costumes, or skirts alone. They are made of checks, plaids and pretty two-toned effects in smooth cloths, cheviots, serge or rough, shaggy camel's hair. They should not be too light in weight, and, of course, should hang well. Even at Larchmont, Narragansett and on Long island, where mountain climbing is impossible and pedestrianism is not among the popular "sports," the mannish, square-toed shoe and the short skirt are worn with shirtwaist and sailor in the morning. Little slippers, lace-frilled muslins and trailing skirts, long associated in the popular mind with summer mornings on hotel or cottage piazzas will be relegated to the matrons too fat or too staid willing to admit that she can do nothing but dance, embroider and play croquet. Such girls form a lonely, lonely minority in Little beds of flowers covered the remain- | these athletic days, but not to have a short ing space of ground; and hanging baskets | skirt this summer will be an open admission and window boxes decorated the back | that one is a member of what yachtsmen call the "rocking-chair fleet."

Women's Luncheons.

The luncheon, as a social function of a certain order, has come to be the feminine of note comes to New York he is promptly, often exhaustively, dined by other men. admiration. If women want to honor another woman they give a luncheon for her. Not long ago a woman editor from another city visited New York and among the affairs given in her honor was a luncheon at | pany, scarcely more than a dozen covers being laid, but the repartee, the good stories, the numorous discussion which went around the table would have been quite worthy of a masculine dinner of imposing proportions. It is an unfortunately widespread habit with women to take their pleasures sadly, but the vigorous preaching which has been done apropos of this very thing seems not to have been in vain. Ar "honorary" luncheon, at least, is a pleasure which New York women take with the

Odds and Ends.

The pewter of colonial days is redivivus melasses will remove the grass stains often found on the summer clothing of children. Mrs. Kate Upson Clarke protested at the Sorosis celebration against the fashionable ty-eighth, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, and I ask myself if that woman hasn't anything to do that she can waste time in

"If you want your black lawn dresses to ome out clean and fresh and new after having given them good wear," says the woman who knows how to manage, "instead of washing them get one of the best popular dyes and simply dip your gown into it, following the directions. That cleans the gown and at the same time gives it a fresh, clear black, such as it is not apt to have after a mere washing.

It will be a shock to the small, ambitious dressmaker who has braced herself to wrestle with the tunic and its intricacies to learn that the almost plain skirt is again the chosen model of the future in Paris, says a New York fashion writer. The French woman of fashion will have none of the tunic, although without intending to has its good points. It was a craze of a few short weeks, and is now classed as an eccentricity, and eccentricities are not usually becoming-while the grace of the only slightly trimmed and draped skirt is an un-

On all fashionable gowns for the summer. yoke and guimpe effects are constantly increasing, and each new model that appears discloses something novel, dainty and pic-turesque. The familiar forms of seasons past are replaced by those of tucked batiste isse, and India mull; Flemish guipure and Venetian nets, point d'esprit, etc., or of tinted all-over embroideries on white linen or French lawn; gauffered India silk, crossed with bands of silk insertion, or these same delicate effects in taffeta, merely laid in fine lingerie tucks, with lines of feather-stitching between the tucks and the insertion bands.

QUITE A DITCH.

Russia Building One Which Will Be 1,000 Miles Long.

The career of prosperity which the Manchester ship canal appears to have entered upon at last has inspired Brussels to favor a similar project for that city.

It is proposed to make the city a maritime port, with dock accommodation, and a

basin for shipping, comprising about thirty thousand acres. The canal will be about seventy-five miles long. The work has not yet begun, but it is said there is no doubt that the scheme will be carried through.

Both the Manchester ship canal and the projected waterway in Belgium sink into insignificance, when compared with the insignificance when compared with the Russian canal that is now being built from the Baltic to the Black sea. It is to be 1,080 miles long, large enough to permit the argest war ships to pass through. It will have a width at the top of 217 feet, and 117 feet at the bottom, with a depth of 281/2

vessels may steam through it at the rate of six knots an hour. It will take six days for a large vessel to pass through it, traveling night and day. The canal is to be lighted along the whole course by electric-ty, and the total cost is estimated at about

£24,000,000. Four years will be required to complete the undertaking.

The advantages, commercial and otherwise, which Russia expects to derive from the making of this mammoth canal will more than compensate for the enormous

THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

The Bicycle Tramp. The glad-smiling spring Doth a new message bring As she now greets the gray-bearded earth; With loud bell and bright lamp, Brings not merely diversion, But freedom's new version To bow aristocracy Low to democracy-

Hail to this herald of freedom's new birth! It comes like the wind With a flurry behind And makes dizzy the head of old earth; For this fast-flying tramp Spins past palace and camp, Over hill and through valley, Down high road and alley, Up steep declivity

Speeds this swift herald of freedom's new birth. Doth it seem in its flight As it darts o'er the sleepy old earth, For this bicycle tramp Has a far-shining lamp That quite vanquishes darkness-As all men will witness-Of strongest nativity, Wondrous proclivity

Has this strange herald of freedom's new birth Upon us it steals With lone turn of swift wheels, And as though leaping up from the earth Darts right into our face And then flies into space Like a fierce apparition: Bereft of volition, We leap with a tiger-spring. Rail at the startling. Then calmly name it a thing of low birth.

Yet this modern tramp Is no mean mendicant Asking alms of close-fisted old earth; And no idler is he. But must e'er active be During moments of leisure In seeking full measure Of bodily strength and zest. Best mental health and rest: These are the gifts of this thing of new birth.

Thus doth the glad spring. Through a fit herald bring A new message to hoary-haired earth: He proclaims rugged health Of more worth than great wealth; Greater equality lives through his birth.

Those whom once hard toil Bound as serfs to the soil. Now like knights errant course o'er the earth, And this thing of swift flight Gives the soul its birthright Held by flesh since creation Through base usurpation: The body from serfdom free Over the spirit, through this strange new birth With gladder heart then Let both women and men

Better think of exacting old earth: Quickly mount and away. Letting toil and care stay To haunt office or household, And fly with stout hearts bold As free as the halcron Under wide heaven's dome: Be for an hour this free thing of new birth. And faster away, For an hour or a day,

To the ends of close-prisoning earth! Seek the forest path cool. Coast by stream, lake and pool, Till the wan cheek is glowing. And worn spirit growing Renewed as with eagle's might, True to a noble flight Till it wings heavenward freed by new birth.

-Edwin Sherwood Pearl. The Loving-Cup.

Our Saxon sires around the board Where stout old ale was freely poured, They felt its quickening throb and beat, And spite of battles, hours were long In joke and tale and cordial song: How eagerly they eyed the bowl.

Your health! in the cup that is sweetest and last.

The surging tide of Saxon blood Must never ebb, but keep the flood, And for its sake we send around The cup with happy wishes bound: We'll pledge to friendship's joy and mirth,-Its memories, its faith, its worth:-

Some drink more deep, but none more true, So here's to you, and you, and you,-

Your health! in the cup that is sweetest and last. Hear the word as the loving-cup onward is

No rarer draught can be distilled Than this with which our cup is filled, For where but juice of grape had been Love threw his purple clusters in, And this best product of the vine Doth far outdo the jocund wine; Love leaps and sparkles to the brim,

Your health! in the cup that is sweetest and last Hear the word as the loving-cup onward is Your health!

-May W. Donnan. Youth's Philosophy.

Youth cries for liberty, nor thinks the prize The budding soul would always grow, nor eve

quite be caught As just a homely, dwarfish flower, to wither soon in her seat before he rang the bell. Or-by a sweeter hope-to loose its breath for

Of what avail youth's inward strife? Does it but Ah, no, for he who thus doth fight knows why

But always strife, and added life, and soul that

Then strive and hope, be ever young, nor curse Make flesh help soul, and spirit, flesh, revere thy

What though all battles be not won? The fight-The strength man gains 'neath heavy chains in

freedom he will use

So truly will that be the final treasure it will Muncie, Ind. -Paul W. Mavity.

April's a beauteous dream; dim aisles of green Then gleam bright days and nights of bloom and

-Emma Carleton.

Days of the Deluge. When on the flood that stretches out before,

Sweet, sunny, fragrant May-the dream come

Ray's Crossing. Ind. -Alonzo Leora Rice. A Conductor "Downed."

So that the heart of life and hope may learn.

No twig is found to bid the dove return

THE H. LIEBER COMPANY

24 W. WASHINGTON STREET.

Opens here to-morrow morning. Quite an innovation for this store. famed throughout the State as an exclusive Art Store, but we wish to forcibly impress upon the public the wide scope and variety of our great stock -to make this an object lesson of how much may be done in home adornment at a small cost.

There's a great assortment to select from, Pictures to suit every fancy, and, in all the lot, not one but has the stamp of artistic merit.

As a special feature of this sale we will, in addition to the general assortment, sell to first callers just 50 fine pictures which you've possibly known at a much higher price. They are very popular subjects, which is just why we have chosen them for this offer. Ex-Ruth, Esther, Lillian, Phyllis, etc., in

openings, while they last, ONE DOLLAR.

Pictures for every taste, neatly and appropriately framed, as we alone have the facilities for doing. The latest ideas in numberless kinds and sizes - a marvelous variety, and still, in a sense, select and exclusive. In short, the quisite facsimile water color heads, kind of pictures you'd expect from us. Colored pictures in green and gilt, fac-14x17 gilt frames and mats, with oval 3 simile Water Colors, Etchings in ivory

> and gilt, all at one price to-morrow, ONE DOLLAR.

Pictures for the cozy corner or den. pictures for the library or dining room. pictures for the boudoir or chamber. and all just such pictures as you would care to own. Pretty figures in oval frames, Photographs in dark frames. Old Masters in Flemish oak, dainty Vienna Water Colors, airy Etchings neatly framed, all priced for this great

ONE DOLLAR.

The H. Lieber Company

Visitors Are Welcomed Here Always.

The New York Store Established 1853

OF OUR HISTORY CLUB

The History Club cannot last much longer. It took us nearly one year to secure from the publishers the small edition that we did get, and that is nearly gone.

RIDPATH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD

was never offered in this city for less than from \$60 to \$175 in the several bindings until we secured our edition. While our remaining sets last they will go for less than ONE-HALF the publisher's price and you have 16 MONTHS to pay for it.

Cloth Binding \$33.00, Half Morocco \$41.00; \$1.00 Down and \$2.00 or \$2.50 a Month.

The Club will not be continued or re-opened. You may depend on our statement, and this low price will not again be offered.

The New York Store History Club IS THE GREATEST BOOK BARGAIN EVER OFFERED IN INDIANAPOLIS

I NOTEST PAINTEST PAINTEST BAINTEST DAINTEST DAI THIS TORK HISTORY HISTORY

HOW TO JOIN THE CLUB Bring or send \$1 and we will deliver to

you one complete set-16 volumes. You agree to pay balance in sixteen monthly payments of \$2 per month for the cloth binding, or \$2.50 for the half morocco. MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED.

OUT OF TOWN FRIENDS==You need not be deprived of our History offer. Mail us \$1 as your membership fee and we will ship you the complete set-16 volumes-you will remit by mail your monthly payments.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO.

manner made one fancy he had been trained own estate under tribute. He was conspicuin New York or in some other place where ous in the Armada fight, and it is not too street-car conductors rule the town. She

"Step lively, lady," said the conductor, as the little old lady tripped leisurely across the street. "Step lively." The little old lady did not make the slightest effort to quicken her pace. She merely looked up at the conductor. "Shut up!" she said, calraly. "I'll com when I get ready.' And he waited till she had settled herself

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AVENGED. A New View of the War with Spain and Dewey's Victory. Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Manila bay and opened fire on the Span-iards he had in his fleet one ship, which, in poetic justice, had its own account to settie. The account dated back nearly 300 years; but the mills of the gods grind on forever, and the moment had finally come when Spain was to pay her heaviest install-ment for the head of Sir Walter Raleigh In the beginning it had been a dear bargain even for the Scottish James, who rarely stumbled upon a good one; but as Philip of Spain gained as little, the odds were not worth quarreling over, so far as the two Kings were concerned. But when the English people made it plain that the death of Raleigh, with all it meant, concerned them also, the outcome was fatal to the Stuarts. As has been said, Eliot was not the only youth of ardent soul who watched Raleigh die and went away with the lesson burned into his soul. That the next great head to fall upon the scaffold should be that of Charles is proof of how relentbe that of Charles is proof of how relent-less and logical events can be when retri-bution is concerned. James had been eager to make a marriage between Charles and the Spanish Infanta, and Raleigh's death he knew would please Philip, and likely enough would conciliate Philip and make him ready to consent. That Philip should desire the death of Raleigh, and at last de-mand it, was natural enough. All the Elizabethans were good haters, and, when they were Protestants in their belief, they hated Spain with a passion we cannot comprehend. To the Englishman of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Spain stood for tyranny, for cruelty, for ignorance and every conceivable characteristic of the Dark Ages. Added to this steady horror and dread was the exasperation caused by her persevering endeavor to get a foothold in England to keep the supremacy of the in England, to keep the supremacy of the seas and occupy the new world.

In all England there lived no man who better represented the Elizabethan character than did Walter Raleigh, and he hater

much to say that if he had not been keener stood on the wrong side of the street and than either Drake or Hawkins the Engsignaled the car to stop. The conductor waved her to come to the other corner. The car stopped there and waited. It was in Spaniards had meant to board the vessels: but Raleigh, who knew they would then have the advantage, held off, and so fought on his own terms at long range. In 1596 he led the attack on Cadiz, and then sailed for the Azores, hoping to make reprisals and came, he said, we have been forbidden to further "abass the pride of Spain." But sell liquor to private soldiers and when the his paramount and most intense desire was to weaken the power of Spain in the new world. He wearied Elizabeth, eloquent as he was, with his arguments and prayers, begging permission to drive the Spanish out of Florida and the West Indies, and so free England from a perpetual menace and dantinued to lead the anti-Spanish party to make the same demands, and so had no favor with the King. The history of his last and most disastrous voyage is familiar to every one, and we all understand that ger. When James succeeded, Raleigh conand most disastrous voyage is familiar to every one, and we all understand that Philip fancied he had probed his power when against the Queen of England, the court and the people, he had his way with the King, who sacrificed Raleigh, getting no When a year ago Dewey sailed into

The story of Raleigh's life, and even more especially of his death, concerns us as a people, because the question at stake was really the question of our liberty. When the ax fell and the executioner held up the they buy a few glasses of beer and talk for what it meant, and from that moment Spain lost power in both worlds, not so much because she evaded danger, but because England and her colonies gathered their strength and dared her. And now comes the end of the story far: Spain retires from the new world, and, as Raleigh's "geographer" says, "So shall wee all be able to crye quittaunce with the King of Spaine, if he shoulde goe aboute to make any general arreste of our navye," and nothing in all these years navye," and nothing in all these years would have pleased the eager Elizabethan nobleman better than the knowledge that when the time came that a war vessel, manned by English-speaking people and bearing his name, took its gallant share in one of the great battles that ended the Spanish rule in the new world.

BARS IN HAVANA.

Why the Landlord Bewailed the Passing of Spanish Rule. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Speaking of hot times in Havana," sa another resident who lately returned from the island capital, "I was very much impressed by a statement which was made to me by the proprietor of a bar and cafe near the Hotel Gran Pasaje. In Havana, you know, or perhaps you don't know, all the bars are supplied with small tables and chairs, where their patrons can sit down and

office business. It was a hard thing to find a table unoccupied, and the place near the Gran Pasaje was particularly crowded. We were introduced to the proprietor, who proved to be a very pleasant fellow, and incidentally I congratulated him upon his good fortune. He shrugged his shoulders. "'It is fair, senor,' he admitted, 'but nothing to what it was when the Spaniards were here.' I was surprised, and he volunteered some particulars. 'Since the Americans sell liquor to private soldiers, and when the Spaniards were here the private soldiers had no money to buy. Consequently the most of my trade has always been among the officers, and I have had a good chance to compare the two nationalities. During the time of Weyler and Blanco this place was a mint. It was marvelous. Every table was crowded day and night, and nothing

"Folks cleim that the Spanish soldiers were paid beggars' wages. That may be so, but the Spanish officers certainly had money, and plenty of it. How did they get it? Quien sabe? Now that my customers are Americans, business has fallen off 75 spend little. A party of officers come in; they buy a few glasses of beer and talk for an hour. Those were good times when the Spaniards were fighting the Cubans. Everybody knows that Weyler's army could have ended the war in a week, but nobody wanted it done. It was too profitable. They did just enough fighting to keep up the farce—that is to say, about one skirmish every ten days, which the correspondents kindly made into at least twelve battles. Meanwhile the officers and their friends drank wine. They were good times."

Man: A Fable.

Detroit Journal. Once upon a time a man insanely con-ceived it were spring and laid aside his The next day it was very cold and the man, venturing abroad, fell through a coal hole in the sidewalk, whereupon he cursed "Had it not turned coid," he exclaimed, "nobody would have had occasion to open his coal hole." He did not reflect, seemingly, that if he had retained flannels suitable to the season these would have rendered him so large that he couldn't fall through a coal hole.

This fable teaches that men are exceed-

ingly unreasonable at times. An All-Around Woman.